

THE
Court of NASSAU;
OR, THE
T R I A L
OF
HUM-BUG.
A
COMEDY,
Not worth acting.

Rara Avis in Terris nigroque simillima Cygno. LILLY.

That is,

*Nothing is sometimes so great a Hum as a Latin Motto:
Except it be a Greek one.*

By GEORGE STAYLEY.

D U B L I N:

Printed by JAMES ESDALL, on Cork Hill, 1753.

THE
COURT OF NASSAU;
OR THE
TRIAL
OF
HUM-BUG



Rare. Also in Paris in the Cabinet des Médailles.
Nothing is known of great value as a Latin Manuscript.
Except it be a Greek one.

By GEORGE STAYLEY.

DUBLIN:
Printed by James Ebdale, on Cork Hill, 1753.



P R E F A C E.

IN the Composition of this Trifle, I had many tempting Opportunities of being *personally* satirical; which a more *witty* Person, perhaps, might not have let slip. But, on a Self-examination, I found I had no Right to laugh at another: Much less is it my Disposition to be ill-natur'd.

I ASK: Wherein consists the Profit or Pleasure of modern Huming? To think thereby to cure a *conceited* Fellow, would shew *you* more conceited than he. And where lies the Honour or Humanity of imposing on a *weak* Person; who rather deserves our Pity? Or, indeed, what do we get by deceiving any one, at the Price of our Veracity?

HUMING, at best, is a vulgar, trifling Amusement, and much below the Character

P R E F A C E.

racter of a Man. Let People be gay and welcome, but not foolish if they can help it; let them tell a merry Story, but not a serious Lie; neither perjure nor damn their Souls to give it Credit; nor, like Children, play 'till they quarrel, and so Murder prove the End, of what they call an harmless Jest.

SUPPOSE a Man comes and tells me my Friend is dead? If he thinks me a stupid Blockhead for believing him, pray, what ought we to think of him, who can take Diversion in giving another Uneasiness? When he has a Mind to entertain himself, he may as well give me a Cut on the Head, and then, Nero-like, laugh to see me in Pain.

If I have made some indifferent *Puns*, it is but the more in Character; for any one, who is acquainted with such People, must know, they will, at any Time, much rather make a bad one, than none at all.

THIS Piece is my first Essay in Dramatics. Like a young Bird, I flutter'd from my Nest, to the nearest Branch, before

P R E F A C E.

before I dar'd venture on high into the open Air, And if the Public will but be indulgent to this little Trial of my Wings, I give them my Word, that my next Flight, shall either not trouble them, or be more worthy their Acceptance.

Morus Punter. His next friend.

Clerk of the Court.

Cowley Bull. A quondam Poet.

Bartholomew Wood. Formerly a Player.

Sir John Horn. A Country Knight.



A Reform'd Rake.

Illman Caput. A Lawyer.

A Traveller.

Rascious Tom.

Several Students taking Notes, and employing

Lawyers with ill success.

By my self.

Persons, Officers, and others.

THE SCENE is laid in a Room at a Coffee-house.

ACT I. SCENE I. Enter Morus Punter, and his next friend.

Morus Punter. My next friend, I have a great deal to say to you.

My next friend. I am all ears, and will listen to you with all my heart.

Morus Punter. I have a great deal to say to you, and I am all ears.

Persons of the Drama.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

ATTORNEY GENERAL. Employ'd as Council against the Defendant.

SOLLICITOR GENERAL. Council for the Defendant.

MOMUS PUNSTER. His next Friend.

CLERK of the COURT.

COWLEY BULL. A quondam Poet.

BARTHOLOMEW WOOD. Formerly a Player.

Sir JOHN HORN. A Country Knight.

A reform'd **RAKE.**

ILLMAN CAPUT. An Hangman.

A **TEAGUE.**

Facetious **TOM.**

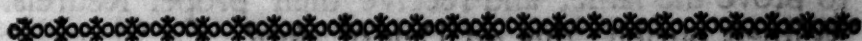
Several **STUDENTS** taking Notes, and unemploy'd
LAWYERS with full Bags.

GRYER, OFFICERS, and others.

*The SCENE never changes. Time no more than is taken
up in the Performance. Action one.*



THE
T R I A L
OF
H U M - B U G.



SCENE, *the* NASSAU COURT.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

FIRST read the Commission from above;

CRYER.

Silence in the Court!

TEAGUE.

By my Soul, Honey, he was here, only you frightened him away.

Clerk reads:] To our trusty and well-beloved Justice *Sparks*, Chief of our Court of *Nassau* on Earth, greeting. Having uncommon and general Complaints daily made to us, against one *Hum-Bug*, a Production entirely unknown to us; this is to desire and empower you to order him, she, or it, a formal Trial; and to

A 2,

give

give public Notice thereof by Proclamation, that all, who have in any wise been affronted, wronged, or abused, by him, she, or it, may, on proving the same, receive immediate Satisfaction. Farewel. Given under our Hand, on *Mount Olympus*, this 1st of *April*, *New Stile*,

JUPITER.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

Read next our Proclamation.

Clerk reads.] In Obedience to a late Order of *Jupiter Muscarius*, to us directed, this is to apprize all, that on *Tuesday* the 24th Day of *April*, Instant, is appointed by us for the Trial of *Hum-Bug*, before us, at our Court, then to be held in *Patrick's Well Lane*; and that all who have any Complaint or Alledgment against the said *Hum-Bug*, be then and there present to prove the same, and receive their proper Redress. Witness ourself, this 2d Day of *April*,

ISAAC SPARKS.

SOLICITOR GENERAL.

May it please the Court. As Council employ'd for the Defendant, who is in his second Infancy, alias Dotage, I humbly move, that he may be permitted to appear by *Momus Punster*, his next Friend.

[PUN. rises, and bows to the Court.]

CHIEF JUSTICE.

Have you Affidavit to this Fact?

SOLICITOR GENERAL.

We have, my Lord.—Read the Affidavit of *Impudence Idle*.

Clerk reads.] *Impudence Idle*, of *Lazy Hill*, Sister to the Defendant's Mother, and his present Nurse, deposeth

deposeth on her Oath, that she has known *Hum-Bug*, the Defendant, from his Birth, having had the chief Care of his Education; and that he is in a very childish State, and incapable of making his Defence in this honourable Court.

IMPUDENCE IDLE.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

Allow'd.

[PUN. *sits down again.*

Swear the Gentlemen for the Jury.

SOLICITOR GENERAL.

With due Submission to your Lordship, we object against the having any Jury. And for this Reason: We think it impossible to find twelve Men, who may not, at least, fancy they have, in some Shape or other, been injur'd by the Defendant, and so of Course be prejudic'd against him. Therefore beg to be try'd solely by your Lordship.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

What say the other Side?

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Why, my Lord, tho' it is a Thing quite irregular, and unprecedented, since they have thought proper to propose it, we shall not do your Lordship such Affront as to dispute it.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

Then be it so. Proceed.

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

I am Council, my Lord, against the Defendant, the oldest and most culpable Offender which ever troubled a Court. To have a just Idea of whom, it is requisite to inform your Lordship of his Original. He is the true Heir, my Lord, of *Ignorance* and *Falsbood*. At his Birth, my Lord, as we read

read in *Baker's Chronicles*, was a monstrous Eclipse, when Nature, mistaking it for Night, retired to rest at Noon-Day. He was born too with Teeth: which, as the wise *Shakspeare* says, signify'd, that he came to bite the World. I doubt not but your Lordship will be greatly surpriz'd to hear the Defendant is that old Serpent, which, inspir'd by the Father of Lies, hum'd our first Parents out of *Paradise*; and who, in other Forms, (Oh vile Degeneracy!) even at this Day, like *Wentley's Dragon*, hums so many of their Children of their Bread and Butter. So the Tyrant *Dionysius*, who, whilst he was an Emperor, amus'd himself with murdering Men, at last descended to a Pedant, and exercis'd his Genius in whipping of Boys. Such, my Lord, is the Humour and vicious Disposition of the Defendant, that no Wickedness is too high for him, no Folly too low. Your Lordship will find him at the Top and Bottom of all; from the Tower of *Babel*, to the Cuckow Hedge at *Gotham*. Look a few Ages back, and see him a Prophet at *Mecca*: Behold him here, a learned Dog! Consider this, I say, and who then can doubt the Transmigration of Souls? With that true Copper Face of his own, my Lord, what Pains did he take to hum this Nation with his wooden Halfpence? He perswaded poor *Empedocles* to jump privately into *Aetna*, in Hopes that, when his Body was not found, the World would believe him translated to Heaven, and so worship him as a God. But unfortunately forgetting his *Slippers*, my Lord, the Hum was discover'd.

P U N S T E R.

Then he could not be said to die in his *Shoes*.

A T T O R N E Y G E N E R A L.

He hum'd *Aristotle* so long about the Tide, that the good Man at last drowned himself for very Vexation. How did he hum *Macbeth*, King of *Scotland*, with his deceitful Predictions?

T E A G U E.

TEAGUE.

Yes, by Saint Patrick, but how was a Foster-Cousin of Teague's hum'd?

SOLICITOR GENERAL.

Hold, Friend. One at a Time.

TEAGUE.

By my Soul, Honey, but it is more than Time for two to have done.

PUNSTER.

Ha?

CRYER.

Silence!

TEAGUE.

Silence yourself, you Spolpeen! What a Prating you keep?

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

But why should I be particular, my Lord, in a Case so general as this? In short, my Lord, Humbug is become such a Nuisance of late, that it has infected the very Air, and Men now draw it in with their very Element. Oracles, Divinations, &c. were the Shapes he assum'd in antient Times; Fortune-tellers, Bottle-Conjurers, &c. &c. are his present Disguises. To conclude, my Lord, the Defendant's History is the Villanies and Impositions of the World; and therefore we hope your Lordship will be of Opinion, that he deserves a World's Punishment.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

Read the Indictment which we receiv'd To-day.

Clerk reads.] Between *Wu*, Complainant, and *Humbug*, Defendant. The Complainant chargeth the Defendant, not only with affecting his Manner, but sometimes assuming his very Name; to the great Disgrace,

grace of the Complainant: who solemnly declares, that, so far from being related to the Defendant, they are of different Species; so far from being acquainted with the Defendant, that he should not be able to know him. was he to see him. That, being asham'd, from the Character he has heard of the Defendant, to come where he is, he humbly submits his Cause to your Lordship's Care; and hopes he has the Honour to be so well known to your Lordship, as to render his personal Appearance unnecessary.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

Let this be deferr'd for our Consideration; and proceed we to a Hearing of the Complainants now present.

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Who is first?

COWLEY BULL, *a quondam Poet.*

POET.

I was first here.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

Stand a little more this Way, honest Man.

TEAGUE.

Ay, ay: First come, first serv'd, is all fair.

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Well, Friend, and what are you?

POET.

Wiser than I was, Sir: For I have lately discover'd that I have been a Fool.

TEAGUE.

TEAGUE.
Arra, Honey, why, cou'd not you keep your
own Counsell?

CHIEF JUSTICE.
But what is your Name?

POET.

Cowley Bull, my Lord.

PUNSTER.

That's a *Bull*, I'm sure.

CHIEF JUSTICE.
Pray, are you any Kin to the famous *Abraham Cow-*
ley?

POET.

Not in the least, my Lord; as I found after-
wards; tho' the Defendant had perswaded me I
was; and from the Similitude of our Names would
have it; I too must be a Poet. It is true I never had
any great Contempt of my Understanding; so that he
would have found it no very difficult Matter, I be-
lieve, to have perswaded me that I should have made
a Bishop.

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

The Defendant has been an Author himself, my
Lord; and writ two or three Plays, and one
of the most humming Dedications perhaps your Lord-
ship ever read.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

Go on.

POET.

I cloyster'd myself from the World, my Lord,
like an Owl in a Desert; distracted my Brain,
and broke my Rest. Temporalities I despis'd; Im-
mortality employ'd all my Thoughts! *Quixote*-like I
scorn'd even to earn my Bread; thinking Mankind,
whom I was serving, bound to provide for me. I

B

dy'd

dy'd to live; and suffer'd with a noble Pride. All my Friends estrang'd themselves to me; but what was that to one blest'd like me in the Friendship of the Muses? The World condemn'd and laugh'd at me; whilst from the Skies, or, as *Shakspeare* himself expresses it, from my Cloud-cap'd Tower, I look down with Pity on the World below!

PUNSTER.

Well spoken, indeed, with good Accent and good Discretion.

POET.

Thus, like *Æsop's* Crow, my Lord, I lost my Meat by trying to sing; like *Sancho* in his Government, I starv'd even at the Table of the Gods! 'Till at last *Want* knock'd so very hard at my Door, that he woke me, half-famish'd, from this tantalizing Dream of Fame and Plenty, and I found it was all a *Hum*.

PUNSTER.

Buz!

CHIEF JUSTICE.

If you have done, Friend, —

POET.

I have, my Lord.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

Then cross over to the other Side; and when all have been heard, we shall be the better able to pass a just Sentence.

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

What is *your* Name, Sir?

BARTHOLOMEW

BARTHOLOMEW WOOD, *formerly a*
Player.

PLAYER.

Mine, my Lord? *Bartholomew Wood.*

PUNSTER.

I wish in his Hurry he has not put the Cart before the Horse: For he seems to me to be a *wooden Bartlemy.*

CHIEF JUSTICE.

Do you know the Defendant?

PLAYER.

I do, my Lord; and have but too good Cause to remember him.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

How so, Friend?

PLAYER.

About six or seven Years ago, my Lord, I had some Thoughts of turning Player.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

Player?

PLAYER.

Yes, my Lord.

PUNSTER.

And fine *Work* you would have made on't.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

Well.

PLAYER.

I apply'd, my Lord, to the Defendant, whom I knew to be acquainted with several of the Actors, to get me into the House.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

So.

PLAYER.

He receiv'd me very kindly, and with many Professions of Friendship; and at his Request, my Lord, I spoke a Speech to him; it happen'd to be one of *Polydore's* to *Monimia*. "Intolerable Vanity." Perhaps your Lordship may know it?

CHIEF JUSTICE.

No, no, Friend; I am no Tragedian.

PLAYER.

My Lord, he was seemingly so well satisfy'd with my Performance, that he gave me all the Encouragement in the World to prosecute my Design, assuring me of Reception and Success; and, to confirm me in an Undertaking, I was but too much bent on executing, commended my Taste and Resolution.

PUNSTER.

"Excellent Wretch!" as the tragic Bard has it.

PLAYER.

Telling me that Playing was an easy, genteel, profitable Employment; that a good Assurance was the only Requisite to make a good Player; as a Proof of which, he gave me the Histories of some of our famous *Comedians*; that as I was a Man of Sense and Education, he hop'd I shou'd not be found any Ways deficient in that; and that, with very little Application he would insure my making as great a Figure on the Stage as any that ever trod it.

PUNSTER.

Then you must have grown mighty fast.

PLAYER.

I, my Lord, who had read and seen a great Number of Plays, and being prepossess'd with as vain an Opinion

Opinion of myself, as I had a despicable one of others, was easily perswaded to be of his Mind; and, thinking it a Sin that such uncommon Talents as I was blest'd withal shou'd lie uselefs and unknown, immediately apply'd myself so close to study, to the intire Neglect of my Business, and Loss of all my best Friends, that I soon became Master of *Hamlet*, *Richard*, *Othello*, and in short all the chief Characters in most of the best Plays, both Tragedy and Comedy.

CHIEF JUSTICE. Now I to ; my Master of 'em! That is, you could repeat them off Book, I suppose?

PLAYER. I

Yes, my Lord. But the Defendant pitch'd upon *Hamlet* for me to open with, because he said he had seen Mr. *Sheridan* play the Part, and therefore could give me some useful Instructions. Besides which, my Lord, he taught me two or three Strokes, as he call'd 'em, of his own; which I found very sensible ones; for the Audience were so mov'd at 'em, that they return'd 'em in hellish loud Boxes on the Ear! I shou'd to

PUNSTER. I

Poor Bartlemy! Thou wast in a wrong Box, indeed.

PLAYER. I

But what was worst of all, my Lord, is The terrible awkward Start I made, at Sight of the Ghost in the third Act, having frighted him off the stage again, my Mother almost into Fits, and the Prompter in a fix'd Horror, dropping his Book; instead of, *Save me, and bode never me with your Wings, ye heavenly Guards*, in my Confusion, I rear'd out with *Orestes*, "See there! a Shoal of Furies! Hark how they hiss!" "Now they set drive full at me! How they grin, and shake their Iron Whips! My Ears! What a Yelling!"

TEAGUE.

TEAGUE.

By my Soul, Mr. *Silence*, but *you* ought to be whip'd for not minding your Business.

PLAYER.

At which, my Lord, the Defendant, and some Friends, whom I had plac'd in different Parts of the House to applaud and support me, burst into such a violent Horse-laugh, that the rest, smoking the Hum, had Compassion enough to hiss me into common Sense again; or I verily believe, my Lord, I should have play'd the Fool all my Life.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

But how came you, Friend, to venture on so capital a Character for your first? Had you chose a smaller, perhaps you might have succeeded better.

PLAYER.

Yes, my Lord, but the Defendant perswaded me to it, telling me I should not be thought any Thing of unless I play'd a head Part first.

PUNSTER.

Why truly you wanted a *head Part* very much, I believe.

PLAYER.

Had the Defendant, my Lord, not taken such Pains and Delight in huming me, I should, now my Fit is over, have thought myself very much oblig'd to him, and thank'd him accordingly; but alas! my Lord, 'tis plain he did it more to expose, than serve me; more to make himself merry, than me wise.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

But how came it you did not call the Defendant to an Account *then* for abusing you so grossly?

PLAYER.

P L A Y E R.

I had design'd it, my Lord, but could not set Eyes on him for near twelve Months after, when I met him by Chance, dress'd like a Prince; and then he told me he was shortly to be made King of *Corfica*; and promis'd to provide nobly for me. But I don't find he is any more likely to succeed there, than I did in *Denmark*; therefore, being without Expectation, I am no longer liable to Disappointments.

C H I E F J U S T I C E.

And what are you now, Friend?

P L A Y E R.

What Nature and Education, my Lord, design'd me; a simple Turner.

P U N S T E R.

You was, indeed, when you *turn'd* Player.

Sir JOHN HORN, a Country Knight.

S I R J O H N.

My Lord, I am *Sir John Horn*, of *Wells*——

P U N S T E R.

'Tis *well* you told us so, or we might have been at a Loss to have known whence you *sprung*.

S I R J O H N.

In the County of *Somerset*, Knight; and the Defendant, who is the greatest Impostor and Ingrate in Nature, about twenty Years ago, with a feign'd Recommendation, pass'd on me for a Foreigner, who, having lost his Fortune in the *Mississippi*, was oblig'd to absent himself from his native Country. I received him, my Lord, with a generous Compassion; and his Flattery and pious Behaviour won such a Liking from me, that I even assign'd him an Apartment

ment in my own House, and esteem'd him one of my Family; 'till at last, in Return to all my Kindness, he betray'd himself by debauching my Daughter, and attempting the Honour of my Wife. And when I would have seiz'd and brought him to Justice, like *Proteus*, he dissolv'd into a River near *Glassonbury*, and at last made his Escape in the *South-Sea*. So that I may say with my Name Sake, Sir *John*; he eat my Meat, drunk my Drink, *won'd* have lain with my Wife; and when I demanded Satisfaction, he took to his Heels, and cry'd *Hum*.

[Is taken with a violent Fit of Coughing.]

PUNSTER.

I find myself seiz'd with a sudden rhyming Qualm. And as bad Humours are very dangerous when they strike inward, I will throw mine out. It is but a Sort of wind Cholic; and the Mouth is as good a Portal for it to issue forth at as any.

*So in a Meadow, on a Summer's Day,
I've seen a wanton Girl and Bee at Play.
The thoughtless Child seem pleas'd to have it rest
Upon her Hand, her Face, and naked Breast.
At last, the Insect, wanting to be gone,
Has, in Return for all her Fondness shewn,
Left the stung Infant, weeping with the Pain,
And mounting up, flown humming o'er the Plain.*

Sir JOHN.

He got acquainted, my Lord, with an *India Merchant*, a Relation of mine, under the Denomination of a Mathematician, or Projector; and perswading him that they are all Fools who think thro' Fire to come at the *Philosopher's Stone*; that *Jason* sail'd for the golden Fleece; pack'd him away piping hot, and confident of Success, in Quest of Longitude; in which Expedition he lost his Life, and all his golden Expectations, in the North West Passage to the East.

PUNSTER.

PUNSTER.

A sure Sign that he was not born to be *hang'd*.

Sir JOHN.

He was entertain'd, my Lord, as a Philosopher, by a Country Neighbour of mine, of great Estate, whom he soon ruin'd in Search of a Secret, which might have prov'd as great a Curse to him as it did to *Midas*; who had the Art of turning all he touch'd into Gold. It is true, he was none of the wisest, and a little given to Avarice.

[TEAGUE seems very attentive.]

CRYER.

Silence!

TEAGUE.

By my Soul, Joy, I'll tell you what. You are after being like a Friend of mine, who beat his Dog for a Stink which he made himself.

Reform'd Rake.

RAKE.

I believe I am next.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

What is your Name, Sir?

RAKE.

My Business here, my Lord, makes me ashamed to tell it. For, like a Maid giving Evidence of a Rape, I must blush to accuse the Defendant, because in doing it, I shall expose myself.

TEAGUE.

By my Soul, Honey, and that's foolish enough. I should be glad to be after knowing who could make *Teague* swear against himself.

C

CRYER.

CRYER.

Silence ! Where is all this Noise ?

TEAGUE.

By my Soul, Honey, where the Butcher found his Knife. In your Mouth, Joy.

RAKE.

An open Confession is a sure Sign of a sincere Repentance. Therefore, when I own I have been a Drunkard, a Whoremaster, and a Gamester, I hope your Lordship will have the Charity to think I am no longer such.

PUNSTER.

What have we here ? *Belisarius* beging for a Half-penny ?

RAKE.

I had the Misfortune, my Lord, on the Death of my Father, to come into Possession of a very large Estate, many Years before I had Prudence to know what to do with it. But what was a greater Misfortune than that, my Lord, on my coming to Town, I commenc'd an uncommon Familiarity with the Defendant, who at that Time was one of those *leisure* Gentlemen, who frequent all public Resorts, and puzzle *honest* People to tell how they live.

TEAGUE.

That was your Fault, Joy. You enquir'd for him at a wrong Place.

RAKE.

He undertook, my Lord, to shew me *Life*, as he call'd it, which he did in such a Manner that he went nigh to *kill* me. That I knew nothing that was good ; and that nothing that was good was necessary for a Person of my Birth and Fortune to know, was all I learn'd from him ; and when I could *drink*, and *whore*, and *game*, he perswaded me that I was a *fine Gentleman*, and *knew the World*.

TEAGUE.

TEAGUE.

By my Soul, Honey, and was not you a pretty Fellow to believe him?

RAKE.

Can there be a greater *Hum*, my Lord, than to perswade a young Fellow that *Drunkenness*, *Whoredom*, and *Gaming*, are genteel Accomplishments, and that want of *Health* is *Pleasure*? He has first *bum'd* me, my Lord, into illegal Quarrels and Disputes, and then, in the putting on of a *Gown and Band*, *bum'd* me lawfully. He has *bum'd* me into *Sickness*, and then, with a *grave Face and a Cane*, has *bum'd* me physically.

TEAGUE.

By my Soul, Honey, but you have been well *bum'd*.

RAKE.

Nay, my Lord, he had *bum'd* me so long, that I could *bum* myself at last. I have told a *plausible Story* with a *grave Face*, then *laugh'd* at People for believing me, and could think that *Humour*; I have talk'd *Prophaneness* and *Indecency*, and thought it was *Wit*, and that I was esteem'd *good Company* for it; I have accus'd myself of *Crimes* and *Imperfections* which I was neither guilty of, nor subject to, in *Hopes* of being *admir'd*; I have entertain'd a *Company* with the strange Things I have seen abroad, the *Grandeas* I have been acquainted with, the *Intrigues* I have had, the *Battles* I have fought; and have thought that every Body has *believ'd* me.

[TEAGUE is uneasy.]

PUNSTER.

That may be, quo' *Tumms*, when they told him his Mare had eat a Mill-Stone.

RAKE.

I have *extoll'd* my *Irregularities*, and *ridicul'd* the *Sobriety* of others, with so much *Humour* and *Eloquence*, that I have even impos'd *Vice* upon myself for *Virtue*;

and *believ'd* almost every Word I have said; the *first*, tho' UGLY as Hell, from being often seen, has charm'd; and the *latter*, tho' BEAUTIFUL as Heaven, has displeas'd from being seldom view'd. In short, my Lord, I liv'd a Life of *Wickedness* and *Disorder*, 'till I had quite forgot there was any *other*.

TEAGUE.

And by my Soul, Honey, you have talk'd so long, that *Teague* has almost forgot what he came about.

RAKE.

Indeed, my Lord, there was one Thing which I could not hum myself into, tho' I attempted it with all my Might, as being absolutely necessary to the peaceable Enjoyment of what I then held Happiness; and that was, to believe there was neither *God* nor *Devil*; I wish'd to be an *Atheist*: But whether I look'd inwards or outwards, I always found an invisible *Something*, which pleaded so loudly for them, that I could never silence it.

TEAGUE.

By my Soul, Honey, you should have sent for my Friend here.

RAKE.

But at last, my Lord, (Thanks to that superior Goodness I so little deserv'd) a *severe Illness* open'd my Understanding; when I was frighted to see what a *deceiv'd Wretch* I had been! Without condemning, I see others in the same unhappy State; and only hope, that when they have sufficiently suffer'd for their Follies, they, like me, may be shewn their Errors.

PUNSTER.

Let this Sermon be publish'd.

ILLMAN

ILLMAN CAPUT.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

Well, Friend, and who are you?

TEAGUE.

What, and so poor *Teague* must be serv'd last then?

CAPUT.

So please your Lordship, my Name is *Illman Caput*, commonly call'd, *Jack Ketch*.

PUNSTER.

Illman Ca-pu-t! Why then *put K* to it and it makes *Killman*. A very significant Name for an Hangman.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

And what have you to say against the Defendant?

CAPUT.

So please your Worship, the Defendant was condemn'd for passing a counterfeit Note upon a Country Squire at a *Gaming-Table*, and so I had the Honour to attend him to his Execution, when he forg'd a Reprieve, and so hum'd me of my Fees. Indeed, it had like to have been too late, for we all thought he was dead when it came. However, my Lord, I cut him down, and so he had the good Luck to recover.

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

From which Accident, my Lord, we have good Reason to believe he took his first Hint of Pantomiming and Rope-Dancing.

CAPUT.

But I had the Satisfaction, my Lord, afterwards, to hear he was bit himself. For having by his vile and unjust Practices heap'd together an immense Fortune, a Priest, of the *flying Horse of Loreno*, who attended him

him when under Sentence of Death, hum'd him of it all with a Pretence of *praying* his Soul out of *Purgatory*.

[TEAGUE *gapes, and looks drowsy.*

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

I think, Friend, you knew the Defendant when he was *Prince of Passau*?

PUNSTER.

He did indeed *pass so* with Fools like him.

CAPUT.

Yes, Sir. And before that he hum'd my Father out of ten Suits of Cloaths; Trimmings and all.

PUNSTER.

No, no; he found *Trimmings*, I think, for you all.

CAPUT.

And myself of five and twenty Gallons of Rum, design'd for Punch at his Coronation. He was at this Time, my Lord, only Duke of the *floating Island*.

PUNSTER.

Nay, he was a *Rum-Duke*, that's the Truth on't.

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Well, Sir.

[To TEAGUE,

TEAGUE.

What, is it *Teague's* Turn now?

[*Rubs his Eyes.*

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

It is, Friend, if you have got any Thing to say.

TEAGUE.

By Saint *Patrick*, Man, *Teague* sees nothing in your Face, to be after staying so long to say nothing.

ATTORNEY

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Well, Friend, the Court attends to hear your Complaint.

TEAGUE.

And nothing but fair, Joy. For I am sure *Teague* has attended the Court 'till he is almost asleep.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

What is your Name, Friend?

TEAGUE.

My Name, Joy? *Patrick Goughsloughlow*.

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Patrick what?

TEAGUE.

Patrick Goughsloughlow, Joy.

CLERK.

How do you spell it, Sir?

TEAGUE.

By my Soul, Joy, and I can't tell; because I can't read; but lend me your Pen, Honey, and I'll shew you.

CRYER.

Silence! Silence!

TEAGUE.

By my Soul, Joy, you make such a Noise with your Silence, that *Teague* can't see to write his own Name for you. There, Honey, only I'm afraid you can't be after reading *Teague's* Hand.

CLERK.

Name! Why this is only a Mark, Sir.

TEAGUE.

Well, Joy; and that is all the Name *Teague* ever writ in his Life, or his Father before him.

CHIEF

CHIEF JUSTICE.

Do you know the Defendant, Friend?

TEAGUE.

Is it *Kitty*? By my Soul, Joy, I wish *Teague* could be after knowing how to forget her. Why sure we were old Sweethearts.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

What does the Man mean by *her*, and *Sweethearts*? Why, Friend, we speak of *Bambug*, the Defendant.

TEAGUE.

Well, Friend, and so do we too. I'm sure she *bambug'd* poor *Teague* out of his Heart.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

Why, Friend, you mistake; the Defendant is a Man.

TEAGUE.

Ha! ha! ha! That's a good Jest, Faith!

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Friend, you must not trifle with the Court thus.

TEAGUE.

Arra, Faith, then don't let the Court trifle with *Teague*. An *Irishman* not know a Woman from a Man!

CHIEF JUSTICE.

I tell you again, Friend, that you *must* be mistaken, that the Defendant is a Man.

TEAGUE.

That may be; but I'm sure she *wins* a Woman when *Teague* knew him.

ATTORNEY.

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

My Lord, we humbly desire the Complainant may be heard; for I am inform'd that the Defendant is of both Sexes.

TEAGUE.

Hark you, Friend. Is it Game you're making?

CHIEF JUSTICE.

Pray, Friend, how long have you known the Defendant?

TEAGUE.

Answer you me. Is she really a Man, tho', Joy?

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

So it seems, indeed.

TEAGUE.

By my Soul, but then Teague has been worse hum'd than he thought for.

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

He is of such a Nature as to be either Man or Woman, as he pleases to dress himself.

TEAGUE.

Arra, Faith, but I believe you are huming Teague now.

ATTORNEY GENERAL.

Not I, indeed, Friend.

TEAGUE.

By Saint Anthony's Pig's Mother, which you know was David's Sow; but now I think on't: She did dress herself very oddly for a Woman sometimes; and would hunt, and game, and swear, with any Fellow of 'em all.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

How was it you got acquainted with her?

You—

D

TEAGUE.

TEAGUE.
By my Faith, Honey, but it was she got acquainted
with Teague.

CHIEF JUSTICE.
As how, pray?

TEAGUE.
Why, you must know, Joy, I went over to Eng-
land to marry a great Fortune.

CHIEF JUSTICE.
So then it was in England that you knew the De-
fendant?

TEAGUE.
By my Soul, Honey, and it was just as you say.
But shall I be after singing you some Verses,
which I made on her Pin-Cushion?

CHIEF JUSTICE.
I hope they are not long?

TEAGUE.
By my Soul, Honey, but it was more than as long
as a Book. There was a Rhime for every Pin.

PUNSTER.
And a Pin for every Rhime that was there.

TEAGUE.
Or she might have taken it ill you know, Honey.
But I'll only give you a Bit of it; that you may be
after making an Opinion of the rest yourself, Joy.
More thick than your Cushion, by Saint Patrick, dear Duck.

PUNSTER.
O the, foul Beast!

TEAGUE.
With Pins is poor Teague's Heart bloody cruelly stuck.

—You

—You must know, Joy, her Pin-Cushion was made like a Heart-Cake. Do you take it?

PUNSTER.

No, I wish we had it.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

Very well; go on.

TEAGUE.

More thick than your Cushion, by St. Patrick, dear Duck,

*With Pins is poor Teague's Heart bloody cruelly stuck;
Torment not your Honey with such Weapons as these,
Your Teague has a Pin, Joy, you may stick where you please.*

—I believe you won't be after saying *Teague* is a Fool now?

SOLICITOR GENERAL.

May it please your Lordship. I am Council for the Defendant. I shall not betray a bad Opinion of my Cause, by troubling the Court with a long Defence. Hoping I shall be able, in much less Time, and with much less Pains, to clear my Client, than his Enemies have taken to asperse him. I must needs say, if a Number of Accusations be any Proof of Guilt, the Defendant is most guilty; and doubt not but every one present has already privately condemn'd him. But, *bear both Sides*; is a Maxim old as the Law itself. They ground their Indictment as far back, I think, as the Creation, charging the Defendant with all the Vice, Folly, and Misery, which has happen'd in the World to the very now. When so far from being the sole Offender, my Lord, I shall venture to affirm the Defendant is not even an Accessary. Being certain, that on a strict Examination it will appear intirely owing to the Curiosity, Pride, Vanity, Avarice, and evil Disposition of Men's own

ungovern'd Tempers. As for Example?—When *Ixion* embrac'd a Cloud for *Juno*; pray was it the Defendant or his own Lust which hum'd him? No, my Lord; if ever the Defendant was guilty of any Imposition, it was when he hum'd Mankind into the Practice of Virtue and Morality in the Character of *Æsop*; and to a respectful Observance of the wholesome Laws of *Numa* and *Lycurgus*. Therefore, we hope they will reward him for a real Good, before they punish him for an imaginary Evil. We all take Care, my Lord, to have something at Hand to lay our Faults upon. So as the Poet has it;

*When Women go astray,
The Stars are more in Fault than they.*

And yet for all that, my Lord, I believe no wise Man would find them guilty on a Trial. To have a bad Name, my Lord, as some Body observes, is a bad Thing. But we shall depend upon your Lordship's known Judgment and Penetration to make a right Distinction between Guilt in the Defendant, and Calumny in his Accusers.

Enter facetious TOM, and others.

TOM.

Ha! ha! ha! I hope you will acknowledge yourselves to be all fairly hum'd.

CHIEF JUSTICE.

How!

TOM.

Even so, Gentlemen. Your humble Servant is the *Jupiter* who sign'd your Commission, and here is the trusty *Mercury* we sent it by.

[*The noted Hum-Bugger!*]

CHIEF

CHIEF JUSTICE.

Well, Gentlemen ; I shall not arm your Jest with a Sting by seeming to be angry at it. Experience is the best Knowledge : As a burn'd Child takes most Care of the Fire. But how will you perswade the Town, that we have not been burning them all this Time ?

TOM.

By desiring them to laugh with us ; and to take Warning from what they have heard and seen of a designing Enemy, who can bite as well as grin ; and beging Leave to offer them a Receipt, as an Antedote against all Huming for the future. And, as Physic must be gilt and perfum'd before we can be prevail'd on to swallow it, tho' for our Health ; so I will wrap up my Drugs in a Song.

S O N G.

I.

MAKE Use of your Sense, without thinking you've more,

Not hum'd with an Apple, as Eve was before ;

And tempted, like Job, if no Evil you do,

The Devil is then fairly humbug'd by you.

Derry down, down, high derry down.

2.

When Flatterers try with vile Speech to deceive,

You then are humbug'd, if you vainly believe ;

If, void of Conceit, you can think it not true,

You then hum the Hummer, who else would hum you.

Derry down, &c.

3. Ne'er

3.

*Ne'er trespass on any Man's Field, or his Wife,
Live in Love with the World, and free from all Strife;
Speak well of your Neighbour, pay each one his Due,
You then bum the Lawyer, who else would bum you.
Derry down, &c.*

4.

*Be temp'rate and chaste, and all Physic despise,
Go sober to Rest, and you healthful will rise;
And, while Sicknefs and Pains dull Libertines teize,
You may laugh at Physicians, you've humbug'd Disease.
Derry down, &c.*

The End.

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